*Emaricdulfe.*

# SONNETS
## WRITTEN BY
## *E. C.* Eſquier.

*Non ſunt vt quondam, plena fauoris erant.*

AT LONDON,
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1595.

# TO MY VERY GOOD friends, *Iohn Zouch*, and *Edward Fitton*, *Esquiers.*

*BOth loving friends, forasmuch as by reason of an ague, I was inforced to keepe my chamber, and to abandon idlenes, I tooke in hande my pen to finish an idle worke I had begun, at the command and service of a faire Dame, being most exquisitly well featured, and of as excellent good carriage, adorned with vertue: and vnderstanding the storie, and knowing you both to be of sufficient valour, wit, and honestie, presumed to dedicate the same to you, not doubting but that you will vouchsafe for my sake, to maintaine the honour of so sweete a Saint. Thus craving you my deare friends to be patrones of these fewe Sonnets: being well perswaded you will excuse my*

*unlearned writing, in regard you may be assured I am no scholler, as dooth appeare by this my worthles verse: hoping you will receiue my good-will with content, as I my selfe shall be then best satisfied. And so wishing you both as much comfortable happines, as to my soule: I bid you heartily farewell.*

*Yours in all true friend-ship.* E.C.

## EMARICDVLFE.

### *SONNET. I.*

WHen firſt the rage of loue aſſail'd my hart,
And towards my thoughts his fiery forces bent:
Eftſoones to ſhield me from his wounding dart,
Arm'd with diſdaine, I held him in contempt.
Curld headed loue when from mount Erecine
He ſaw this geere, ſo ill thereof he brookes,
That thence he ſpeedes vnwilling to be ſeene,
Till he had tane his ſtand in thy faire lookes.
There all inrag'd his golden bow he bent,
And nockt his arrow like a pretie elfe:
Which when I ſaw, I humbly to him went,
And cri'd hold, hold, and I will yeeld my ſelfe.
Thus *Cupid* conquer'd me, and made me ſweare
Homage to him, and dutie to my deare.

## SONNET. II.

HOmage to loue, dutie to thee my deare,
Deare miſtris of my thoughts, Queene of my ioy:
Then my lifes gratious planet bright appeare,
My hearts deepe griefe and ſorrow to deſtroy.
Be not (I thee beſeech) my cares maintainer:
For in thy power it lyes to ſaue or ſtrike,
To kill the griefe, or els the griefes retainer,
With loue or hate the infant of diſlike.
O if that cruell loue did not command
To ſlay my heart without remorſe or pitie:
Or if he did that ſad doome countermand,
And be a gratious Queene of gentle mercie:
Sweet ſhew thy ſelfe diuine in being pitifull,
For nature of the gods is to be mercifull.

Why

## SONNET. III.

WHy doe I pleade for mercie vnto thee,
When from offence my life & ſoule are cleere?
For in my heart I neere offended thee,
Vnleſſe the hie pitch of his flight it were.
I, that is it, I to too well conſider,
Thy ſparkling beautie is the ſunne that melted:
My thoughts the waxe that ioyn'd his wings together,
And till my very fall I neuer felt it:
Deſpaire the Ocean is that ſwallowed me,
Where I like *Icarus* continue drowned,
Till with thy beautie I reuiued be,
And with loues immortalitie be crowned.
True loue immortall is, then loue me truly:
Sweet doe, and then thy name Ile honor duly.

My

## SONNET. IIII.

MY forlorne muſe that neuer trode the path
That leades to top of hie Pierion mount,
Nor neuer waſht within the liueſome bath
Of learnings ſpring, bright Aganippe fount:
Mine artles pen that neuer yet was dipt
In ſacred nectar of ſweet Caſtalie,
My loueſicke heart that euer hath I clipt,
*Emaricdulfe* the Queene of chaſtitie:
Shall now learne skill my Ladies fame to raiſe,
Shall now take paines her vertues to record,
And honor her with more immortall praiſe,
Then euer heretofore they could affoord:
Both heart, and pen, and muſe ſhall thinke it dutie,
With ſigheſwolne words to blaze her heaucly beutie.

Nature

## SONNET. V.

NAture (*Emaricdulf*) did greatly fauour,
When firſt her pourtrait ſhe began to pencill,
And rob'd the heauens of her chiefeſt honour:
There ſacred beautie all her parts doth tincill.
Heauens Hyrarkie is in her bright eyes ſpheered:
The Graces ſport in her cheekes dimpled pits:
Trophies of maieſtie in her face be reared,
And in her lookes ſtately Saturnia ſits.
Modeſt Diana in her thoughts doth glorie,
Loue-lacking Veſta in her heart inthroned:
The quired Muſes on her lips doe ſtorie
Their heauen ſweet notes, as if that place they owned.
But aye is me, *Cupid* and *Venus* faire
Haue no degree, ſaue in her golden haire.

Within

## SONNET. VI.

WIthin her haire *Venus* and *Cupid* ſport them:
Sometime they twiſt it Amberlike in gold,
To which the whiſtling windes doe oft reſort them,
As if they ſtroue to haue the knots vnrold:
Sometime they let their golden treſſes dangle,
And therewith nets and amorous gins they make,
Wherewith the hearts of louers to intangle:
Which once inthral'd, no ranſome they will take.
But as to tyrants ſitting in their thrones,
Looke on their ſlaues with tyrannizing eyes:
So they no whit regarding louers mones,
Doome worlds of hearts to endles ſlaueries,
Vnleſſe they ſubiect-like ſweare to adore,
And ſerue *Emaricdulf* for euermore.

## SONNET. VII.

I Will perſeuer euer for to loue thee,
O ceaſe diuineſt ſweetnes to diſdaine mee:
Albeit my loues true types can neuer moue thee,
Yet from affection let not pride detaine thee.
Although my heart once purchaſt thy diſpleaſure
With ouerbold preſumption on thy fauour:
Yet now Ile ſacrifice my richeſt treaſure
Vnto thy name and much admired honour:
Teares are the treaſure of my griefe-gal'd hart,
Which on (thy loue) my altar I haue dropped
To thee, that my thoughts temples goddeſſe art,
Hoping thy anger would thereby be ſtopped.
If theſe to get thy grace may not ſuffice,
My heart is ſlaine, accept that ſacrifice.

Ema-

## SONNET. VIII.

E *Maricdulf*, thou grace to euery grace,
Thou perfect life of my vnperfect liuing:
My thoughts ſole heauē, my harts ſweet reſting place,
Cauſe of my woe and comfort of my grieuing.
O giue me leaue and I will tell thee how
The haples place and the vnhappie time,
Wherein and when my ſelfe I did auow
To honour thee, and giue my heart to thine.
Wearie with labour, labour that did like me,
I gaue my bodie to a ſweet repoſe:
A golden ſlumber ſuddenly did ſtrike me,
That in deaths cabbin euery ſenſe did cloſe:
And either in a heauenly trance or viſion,
I then beheld this pleaſing apparition.

## SONNET. IX.

A Wight was clad moſt Foſter-like in greene,
With loyal horne and hunting pole in hand:
Whoſe chanting houds were heard in woods & ſeene
The deere amaſde before the rider ſtand:
The keeper bids goe chooſe the beſt in heard:
The huntſman ſayd, my choiſe is not to change:
And drawing neere the deere was ſore affeard,
Into the woods the rider ſpurd to range:
There did he view a faire young barren doe
Within the hey faſt by the purley ſide,
And woodman-like did take the winde then ſoe,
Whereby the deere might better him abide.
At length he ſhot, and hit the very ſame
Where he beſt likte and lou'd of all the game.

But

## SONNET. X.

BVt ſtay conceit where he beſt likt to loue,
Yea better he if better beſt might bee:
The Rider thought the beſt of better proue,
Till fortune ſign'd his fortune for to ſee.
Now wearie he betooke himſelfe to reſt,
Deuiſed where he might good harbour finde:
*Emaricdulf* (quoth he) I am her gueſt,
And thither went: ſhe greeted him moſt kinde:
Welcome ſayd ſhe, three welcomes more ſhe gaue:
His hand ſhe tooke, and talking with him then,
What wine or beere to drinke wilt pleaſe you haue,
Sixe welcomes more, and ſo ſhe made them ten.
He dranke his fill, and fed to his deſire,
Refreſht himſelfe, and then did home retire.

Forth-

## SONNET. XI.

FOrthwith I ſaw, and with the ſight was bleſt,
A beautious iſſue of a beautious mother,
A young *Emaricdulf*, whoſe ſight increaſt
Millions of ioyes each one exceeding other:
Faire ſpringing branch ſprong of a hopefull ſtocke,
On thee more beauties nature had beſtowde,
Then in her heauenly ſtorehouſe ſhe doth locke,
Or may be ſeene diſperſt on earth abrode.
Thriſe had the Sunne the world encompaſſed,
Before this bloſſome with deaths winter nipt:
O cruell death that thus haſt withered
So faire a branch before it halfe was ripte!
Halfe glad with ioyes, and halfe appal'd with feares,
I wak't, and found my cheekes bedew'd with teares.

## SONNET. XII.

MY cheeks bedew'd, my eies euē drown'd with teares
O fearfull ſtorme that cauſde ſo great a ſhowre!
Griefe ty'd my tongue, ſorrow did ſtop my eares,
Becauſe earth loſt her ſweeteſt paramoure.
O cruell heauens and regardleſſe fates!
If the worlds beautie had compaſsion'd you,
You might by powre haue ſhut deaths ebongates,
And been remorſefull at her heauenly view.
O fooliſh nature why didſt thou create
A thing ſo faire, if fairenes be neglected?
But faireſt things be ſubiect vnto fate,
And in the end are by the fates reiected.
Yong *Emaric* yet thou croſt the deſtinie,
For thou ſuruiu'ſt in fame, that nere ſhall die.

That

## SONNET. XIII.

THat I did loue and once was lou'd of thee,
Witneſſe the fauours that I haue receiued:
That golden ring, pledge of thy conſtancie:
That bracelet, that my libertie bereaued:
Thoſe gloues, that once adorn'd thy liſſie hands:
That handkercher, whoſe maze inthral'd me ſo:
Thoſe thouſand gifts, that like a thouſand bands
Bound both my heart and ſoule to weale and woe.
All which I weare, and wearing them ſigh forth
You inſtancies of her true loyaltie:
I doe not keepe you for your ſoueraigne worth,
But for her ſake that ſent you vnto me:
Tis ſhe, not you, that doth compell my eyes,
My lifes ſole light, my hearts ſole paradice.

## SONNET. XIIII.

ONe day, ô ten times happie was that day,
*Emaricdulf* was in her garden walking,
Where *Floras* imps ioy'd with her feete to play,
And I to ſee them thitherward ran ſtalking,
Behind the hedge (not daring to be ſeene)
I ſaw the ſweet ſent Roſes bluſh for ſhame,
The Violets ſtain'd, and pale the Lillies beene:
Whereat to ſmile my Ladie had good game.
Sometimes ſhe pleaſde to ſport vpon the graſſe,
That chang'd his hew to ſee her heauenly preſence:
But when ſhe was imasked, then (alas)
They as my ſelfe wail'd for her beauties abſence:
They mourn'd for that their miſtris went away,
And I for end of ſuch a bleſſed day.

What

## SONNET. XV.

WHat meane our Merchants ſo with eger minds
To plough the ſeas to finde rich iuels forth?
Sith in *Emaricdulſ* a thouſand kinds
Are heap'd, exceeding wealthie Indias worth:
Then India doth her haire affoord more gold,
And thouſands ſiluer mines her forhead ſhowes,
More Diamonds then th'Egyptian ſurges folde,
Within her eyes rich treaſurie nature ſtowes:
Her hony breath, but more then hony ſweete,
Exceeds the odours of Arabia:
Thoſe pretious rankes continually that meete,
Are pearles more worth then all America.
Her other parts (proud *Cupids* countermate)
Exceed the world for worth, the heauens for ſtate.

## SONNET. XVI.

LOoke when dame *Tellus* clad in *Floras* pride,
Her ſummer vaile with faire imbroderie,
And fragrant hearbs ſweet bloſſom'd hauing dide.
And ſpred abrode her ſpangled tapiſtrie:
Then ſhalt thou ſee a thouſand of her flowers
(For their faire hew and life delighting ſauours)
Gathered to deck and beautifie the bowers
Of Ladies faire, grac'd with their louers fauours.
But when rough winter nips them with his rage,
They are diſdain'd and not at all reſpected:
Then loue (*Emaricdulf*) in thy yong age,
Leſt being old, like flowers thou be reiected:
Nature made nothing that doth euer flouriſh,
And euen as beautie fades, ſo loue doth periſh.

## SONNET. XVII.

I Am inchanted with thy ſnow-white hands,
That maſe me with their quaint dexteritie,
And with their touch, tye in a thouſand bands
My yeelding heart euer to honour thee:
Thought of thy daintie fingers long and ſmall,
For pretie action that exceed compare,
Sufficient is to bleſſe me, and withall
To free my chained thoughts from ſorrowes ſnare.
But that which crownes my ſoule with heauenly bliſs,
And giues my heart fruition of all ioyes,
Their daintie concord and ſweet muſick is,
That poyſons griefe and cureth all annoyes,
Thoſe eyes that ſee, thoſe eares are bleſt that heare
Theſe heauenly gifts of nature in my deare.

## SONNET. XVIII.

E *Maricdulf*, if thou this riddle reade,
This darke *Aenigma* that I will demand thee,
Then for thy wiſedomes well deſeruing meede,
In loues pure dutie thou ſhalt ay command mee.
A Turtle that had choſe his louing mate,
Sate ſeemly percht vpon a red-roſe breere:
Yet ſaw a bird (ayres paragon for ſtate)
That farre ſurpaſt his late eſpouſed deere:
He chang'd himſelfe into that luſtfull bird
That *Iuno* loues, and to his loue reſorted:
And thought with amorous ſpeeches to haue ſtirde
Her conſtant heart: but her in vaine he courted.
When bootles he had woo'd her to his paine,
He tooke his leaue and turn'd his ſhape againe.

The

## SONNET. XIX.

THe Heauens and Nature whē my Lóue was borne,
Stroue which of both ſhuld moſt adorne & grace
The ſacred heauens in wealthie natures ſcorne (her:
With wiſedomes pure infuſion did imbrace her:
Nature lent wings to wiſedome for her flight,
And deckt my Ladie with ſuch heauenly features,
As nere before appear'd in humane ſight,
Ne euer ſithence in terreſtriall creatures.
(Quoth Wiſedome) I will guide her conſtant hart
At all aſſaies with policie to relieue her:
(Quoth Nature) I will caſt thoſe gifts apart,
With outward graces that I meane to giue her.
Yet were they reconcil'd, and ſwore withall
To make her more then halfe celeſtiall.

## SONNET. XX.

THat thou art faire exceeding all compare,
Witnes thy eyes that gaze vpon thy beautie,
Witnes the hearts thou daily doſt inſnare,
And draw to honour thee with louers dutie:
That thou art wiſe witnes the worlds report,
Witnes the thoughts that do ſo much admire thee,
Witnes the heauen-borne Muſes that reſort,
And for their miſtris meekly do deſire thee:
That thou art both exceeding faire and wiſe,
Witnes the anguiſh of my ſillie hart:
Thy heauenly ſhape hath caught me by my eyes,
Thy ſecret wiſedome that giues art to art,
So circumuents me and procures my paine,
That I muſt dye, vnles thou true remaine.

All

## SONNET. XXI.

ALl thoſe that write of heauen and heauenly ioyes,
Deſcribe the way with narrow crooked bedings,
Beſet with griefe, paine, horror and annoyes,
That till all end haue neuer perfect endings.
The heauen wherein my thoughts are reſident,
The paradice wherein my heart is ſainted,
Through ſtreet-like ſtraight hie-waies I did attempt,
Nor with rough care nor rigorous croſſe attainted
I muſt confeſſe faith was the only meane,
For that with ſome for want thereof did miſſe,
Only thereby at length I did obtaine,
And by that faith am now inſtal'd in bliſſe:
There ſleepe my thoughts, my heart there ſet thy reſt,
Both heart & thoughts thinke that her heauen is beſt.

Ye

## SONNET. XXII.

YE ſubiects of her partiall painted praiſe,
Pen, paper, inke, you feeble inſtruments:
Vnto a higher ſtraine I now muſt raiſe
Your miſtris beautious faire abiliments.
Thou author of our hie Meonian verſe,
That checks the proud Caſtalians eloquence:
With humble ſpirit if I now reherſe
Her ſeuerall graces natures excellence:
Smile on theſe rough-hewd lines, theſe ragged words
That neuer ſtil'd from the Caſtalian ſpring:
Nor that one true Apologie affoords,
Nor neuer learn'd with pleaſant tune to ſing:
So ſhall they liue, and liuing ſtill perſeuer
To deifie her ſacred name for euer.

Ye

## SONNET. XXIII.

YE moderne Laureats of this later age,
That liue the worlds admirement for your writ;
And ſeeme infuſed with a diuine rage,
To ſhew the heauenly quinteſſence of wit:
You on whoſe weltun'd verſe ſits princely beautie,
Deckt and adorn'd with heauens eternitie,
See I preſume to cote (and all is duetie)
Her graces with my learnings ſcarſitie.
But if my pen (*Marcias* harſh-writing quill)
Could feede the feeling of my thoughts deſire,
And ſhew my wit coequall with my will,
Then with you men diuine I would conſpire,
In learned poems and ſweet poeſie,
To ſend to heauen my Ladies dignitie.

Oft

## SONNET. XXIIII.

OFt haue I heard horny-tong'd Ladies ſpeake,
Striuing their amorous courtiers to inchant,
And from their nectar lips ſuch ſweet words breake,
As neither art nor heauenly skill did want.
But when *Emaricdulf* gins to diſcourſe,
Her words are more then wel-tun'd harmonie,
And euery ſentence of a greater force
Then Mermaids ſong, or Syrens ſorcerie:
And if to heare her ſpeake, *Laertes* heire
The wiſe *Vliſſes* liu'd vs now among,
From her ſweet words he could not ſtop his eare,
As from the Syrens and the Mermaids ſong:
And had ſhe in the Syrens place but ſtood,
Her heauenly voyce had drown'd him in the flood.

Let

## SONNET. XXV.

LEt gorgeous *Tytan* bluſh: for of her haire
Each trannel checks his brighteſt ſummers ſhine:
The cleereſt Comets drop within the aire
To ſee them dim'd with thoſe her glorious eine:
*Iuno* for ſtate ſhe matchles doth diſgrace,
Surpaſsing eke for ſtature *Dyan* tall,
*Venus* for faire, faire *Venus* for her face,
In whoſe ſweet lookes are heap't the graces all:
For wiſedome may ſhe make compariſon
With *Pallas*, yet I wrong her ouer-much:
For who ſo ſounds her policies each one,
Will ſweare *Tritonias* wit was neuer ſuch:
Her ſhe exceeds, though ſhe exceed all other,
Being *Ioues* great daughter borne without a mother.

*Ema-*

## SONNET. XXVI.

E*Mario dulf* reade here, but reading marke
As in a mirror my true conſtancie:
The golden Sunne ſhall firſt be turn'd to darke,
And darknes claime the Sunnes bright dignitie:
The ſtarres that ſpangle heauen with gliſtring light,
In number more then ten times numberleſſe,
Shall ſooner leaue to beautifie the night,
And thereby make the world ſeeme comfortleſſe:
Firſt ſhall the Sea become the continent,
And red-gild Dolphins dance vpon the ſhore:
Firſt wearie *Atlas* from his paine exempt,
Shall leaue the heauens to tremble euermore,
Before I change my thoughts and leaue to loue thee,
And plead with words and direful ſighs to moue thee.

Sweet

## SONNET. XXVII.

SWeet are the thoughts of pleaſures we haue vſde,
Sweete are the thoughts that thinke of that ſame
Whoſe ſweetnes is too ſweet to be refuſde, (ſweet,
That vertuous loue-taſt for my faith was meet:
The taſte whereof is ſweeter vnto me,
Then ſweeteſt ſweet that euer nature made.
No odours ſweetnes may compared be
To this true ſweetnes that will neuer fade.
This Sonnet ſweet with cheerefull voyces ſing,
And tune the ſame ſo pleaſing to mine eare,
That *Emaricdulf* thy praiſes ſo may ring,
As all the world thy honors fame may heare.
Once didſt thou vow, that vow to me obſerue,
Whoſe faith and truth from thee ſhall neuer ſwerue.

## SONNET. XXVIII.

IF euer tongue with heauen inticing cries,
If euer words blowne from a rented hart,
If euer teares ſhed from a Louers eyes,
If euer ſighes iſſue of griefe and ſmart,
If euer trembling pen with more then skill,
If euer paper, witnes of true loue,
If euer inke, cheefe harbenger of will,
If euer ſentence made with art to moue,
If all of theſe combinde by *Cupids* power,
My long-borne liking to anatomiſe:
Had but the art, with art for to diſcouer
What loue in me doth by his art compriſe.
Then might the heauens, the earth, water and ayre,
Be witnes that I thinke thee onely fayre.

My

## SONNET. XXIX.

MY hart is like a ſhip on *Neptunes* backe,
Thy beautie is the ſea where my ſhip ſayleth,
Thy frownes the ſurges are that threat my wracke
Thy ſmiles the windes that on my ſailes ſoft gaileth
Long toſt betwixt faire hope and foule deſpaire,
My ſea ſick hart, arriued on thy ſhore:
Thy loue I meane, begges that he may repaire
His broken veſſell with thy bounteous ſtore.
*Dido* relicu'd *AEneas* in diſtreſſe,
And lent him loue, and gaue to him her heart
If halfe ſuch bountie thou to me expreſſe,
From thy faire ſhore I neuer will depart:
But thanke kinde fortune that my courſe did ſorte,
To ſuffer ſhipwrack on ſo ſweete a porte.

## SONNET. XXX.

ON *Tellus* boſome ſpring two fragrant flowers,
The milkwhite Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe,
Which daintie *Flora* for to decke her bowers
Aboue all other colours chiefly choſe.
Theſe in my miſtris cheekes both empire holding
In emulation of each others hew,
Continually may be diſcerned folding
Beautie in lookes, and maieſtie in view.
Sometime they meet, and in a skarlet field
Warre with rebellious hearts neglecting dutie,
And neuer ceaſe, vntill they force to yeeld
Them coward captiues conquered by beautie.
*Emaricdulf* thus didſt thou play the foe,
And I the rebell, and was conquer'd ſo.

In

## SONNET. XXXI.

IN tedious volumes I doe not intend
To write my woes, my woes by loue procured,
Nor by my infant muſe implore the end
Of loues true life, this (loue) I haue abiured:
Only my face (faire deare) ſhall be the booke
Wherein my daily care ſhall be rehearſed:
Whereby thou ſhalt perceiue when thou doeſt looke,
How by thy beauties darts my heart was pierſed.
My eyes ſhall witnes with diſtilling teares,
And heart with deepe fetcht ſighes ſhall manifeſt
My painfull torments cauſde by griefes and feares,
And hourely labours mixt with deepe vnreſt:
Both heart, and eyes, and face ſhall all expreſſe,
That only thou art cauſe of my diſtreſſe.

## SONNET. XXXII.

THy image is plaine porturde in my thought,
Thy conſtant minde is written in my heart,
Thy ſeemely grace and pleaſing ſpeech haue wrought
To vow me thine, till death a ſunder part:
Thy fauours fotſt me ſubiect vnto thee,
Thy onely care extended to my good,
Ty louely lookes, commaunded all in me
For thy deare ſake to ſpend my deareſt blood:
My ioy conſiſts in keeping of thy loue,
My bale doth breede if I inioy it not:
My ſeruice true, from thee none can remoue,
Vnleſſe both life and loue I ſhall forgot.
Though life and loue in time muſt haue an end,
Yet euer I haue vowde to be thy frend.

Ema-

## SONNET. XXXIII.

E *Maricdulf* my Orphan muſes mother,
Pure map of vertue, Honors onely daughter:
Bright gemme of bewtie, fayre aboue all other,
True badge of faith, foule ignominies ſlaughter,
Enſigne of loue, ſoure enemie to luſt,
The graces grace, faire Eretines diſgrace:
Wrongs cheefe reprouer, cauſe of what is iuſt,
Aduices patron, councels reſting place:
Wiſdomes chiefe fort, wits onely pure refiner,
Graue of deceite, the life of policie,
Fates beſt beloued, natures true diuiner,
Nurce of inuention, hould of conſtancie,
Poyſon of paine, Phiſition of anoyes,
*Elyziums* pride, and paradice of ioyes.

## SONNET. XXXIIII.

E*Maricdull*, loue is a holy fire
That burnes vnſeene, and yet not burning ſeene:
Free of himſelfe, yet chain'd with ſtrong deſire:
Conquerd by thee, yet triumphs in thy eine:
An eye-bewitching vition thee in ſeeming,
That ſhadow-like flyes from a louers eyes:
An heauen aſpiring ſpirit voyd of ſeeing:
A gentle god, yet loues to tyrannize:
Bond-ſlaue to honour, burthen of conceit,
The only god of thine eyes Hyrarkie,
Decay of friendſhip, grandſire of deceit,
More then a god, yet wants a monarkie:
Baſtard of nature that to heauen did clime,
To ſeeme the misbegotten heire of time.

## SONNET. XXXV.

O Faith, thou ſacred Phœnix of this age,
Into another world from hence exiled
Diuorc'd from honor by vnheedfull rage,
Pure vertues neſt by hatefull vice defiled:
Thou faith that cal'ſt thy firname Conſtancie,
Chriſtned aboue the nine-fold glorious ſphere,
And from the heauens deriues thy pedegree,
Planting the roote of thy faire linage there:
Let this thy glorie be aboue the reſt,
That baniſht earth where thou didſt once remaine,
Thou yet maiſt harbour in my miſtris breſt,
So a pure cheſt pure treaſure may containe,
And in her liuing beautie neuer old,
Seem like a pretious Diamond ſet in gold.

When

## SONNET. XXXVI.

WHen I behould heauens all behoulding ſtarres,
I doe compare them to my woes and ſmart,
Cauſde by the many wounds and mightie ſcarres
That loue hath trenched in my bleeding hart:
And when I thinke vpon the Ocean ſands,
Me thinkes they number but my ladies bewties,
And repreſent the infinites of bandes
Wherein my heart is bound to endles duties:
And when I ſee natures faire children thriue,
Nurſt in the boſome of the fruitefull earth,
From my chaſt vowes they their increaſe deriue;
And as they ſpring, ſo haue my vowes their birth:
And as the ſtarres and ſands haue endles date,
So is my loue ſubiect to naught but fate.

O

## SONNET. XXXVII.

O Luſt of ſacred loue the foule corrupter,
Vſurper of her heauenly dignitie,
Follies firſt childe, good councels interrupter
Foſtered by ſloth, firſt ſtep to infamie,
Thou hel-borne monſter that affrights the wiſe,
Loue-choking luſt, vertues diſdainefull foe:
Wiſdomes contemner ſpurner of aduiſe,
Swift to forſweare, to faithfull promiſe ſlow,
Be thou as far from her chaſt-thoughted breaſt,
Her true loue kindled heart, her vertuous minde,
As is al-ſeeing *Tytan* from the weſt,
When from *Auroras* armes he doth vntwinde.
Nature did make her of a heauenly mould,
Onely true heauenly vertues to infould.

My

## SONNET. XXXVIII.

MY thoughts aſcending the hie houſe of fame,
Found in records of vertuous monuments
A map of honours in a noble frame,
Shining in ſpight of deaths oft baniſhments:
A thouſand colours Loue ſate ſuted in,
Guarded with honour and immortall time,
Luſt led with enuie, feare, and deadly ſin,
Oppoſde againſt faire Loues out-liuing line.
True Conſtancie kneeld at the feet of Loue,
And begg'd for ſeruice, but could not procure it:
Which ſeene, my heart ſtept forth & thought to moue
Kind Loue for fauour, but did not allure it:
Yet when my heart ſwore Conſtancie was true,
Loue welcom'd it, and gaue them both their due.

Image

## SONNET. XXXIX.

IMage of honour, Vertues firſt borne childe,
Natures faire painted ſtage, Fames brighteſt face,
Syren that neuer with thy tongue beguild,
Sibill more wiſe then Cumas Sibill was,
When learnings ſun with more reſplendent gleames,
Shall with immortall flowres of poeſie,
Bred by the vertue of Bram bigning beames
Deck my inuention for thy dignities
With heauenly hymnes thy more thé heauenly parts
Ile deifie, thy name commands ſuch dutie,
Though many heads of poiſeſt poets arts
Are inſufficient to expreſſe thy beautie,
Thy name, thy honour, and loues puritie,
With Stanzas, Layes and Hymnes Ile ſtellifie.

Some

## SONNET. XXXX.

SOme bewties make a god of flatterie,
And ſcorne *Elizaums* eternall types,
Nathes, I abhorre ſuch faithles propheſie,
Least I be beaten with thy vertues ſtripes,
Wilt thou ſuruie another world to ſee?
*Delias* ſweete Prophet ſhall the praiſes ſinge
Of bewties worth exemplified in thee,
And thy names honour in his ſweete tunes ring:
Thy vertues *Collin* ſhall immortalize,
*Collin* chaſt vertues organ ſweetſt eſteem'd,
When for *Elizas* name he did compriſe
Such matter as inuentions wonder ſeem'd.
Thy vertues hee, thy bewties ſhall the other,
Chriſten a new, whiles I ſit by and wonder.

*Mea fortuna tua*
*Vt hodie ſit cras, & ſemper.*
FINIS. q*d.* E.C.